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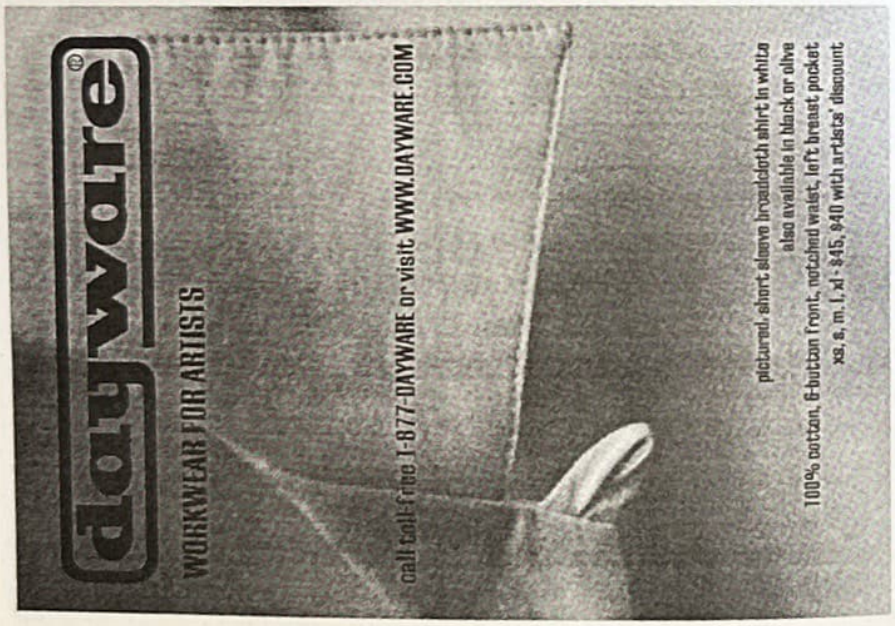
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Table of contents

Postcards 5

Books 8
The Springboard in the Pond
Oppositions Reader

Profile 14
Catherine Opie
Mimi Zeiger

Better Living Through *Eichler* 18
Jeremy Xavier

Building and the Beat 24
loud paper interviews filmmaker lara *Lee*

The Californicate *Juxtapositions* 30
Mustela Faro

Lofts Unlimited 38
Mimi Zeiger

The Lost City 46
Jeremy Xavier

Music 49
Blue Tip, Jets to Brazil, Edith Frost, 60 Channels

100 years of *Sunset Magazine* 52
at the California Historical Society
Laurel Charles

About loud paper

loud paper is a zine dedicated to increasing the volume of architectural discourse. It is a slambamgetitoutthere way of linking architectural thoughts, musings and new work with the culture at large.

loud paper is open to all students, architects, educators, girls about town, dear Johns, and critics as a place for writing loud about architecture and culture.

Submissions of articles, projects, book and music reviews are encouraged.

Editorial
Mimi Zeiger
Jeremy Xavier

Contributors
Adam Boroian
Kelly Boston
Laurel Charles
Karen Dere
Mustela Faro
S. Anne Fleck

Sponsors
Reva Lazarus
Helane and Ronald Zeiger

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Stacey Moss

loud paper is available from:
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xines@nets.com

Contact *loud paper* at:
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or
loud paper c/o Mimi Zeiger
1521 LeRoy Avenue
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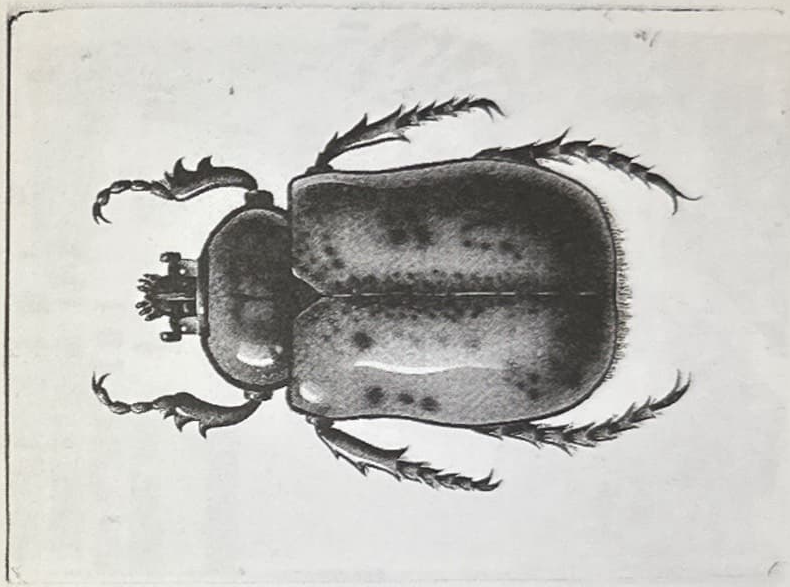

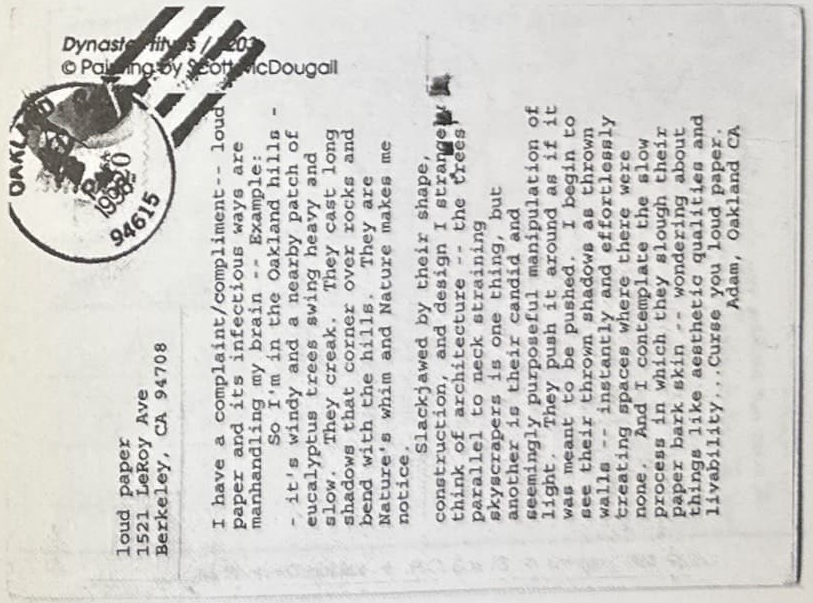
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paper and its infectious ways are
manhandling my brain -- Example:
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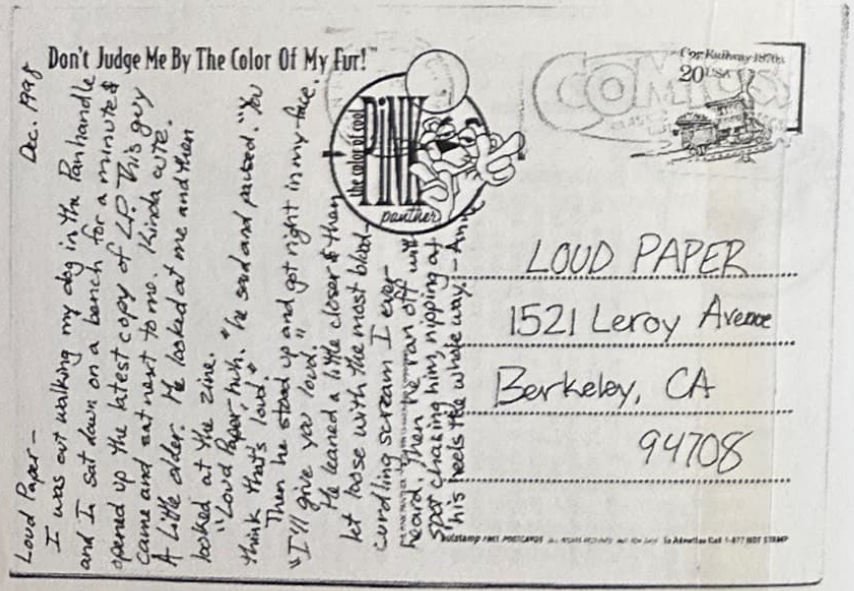
- it's windy and a nearby patch of
eucalyptus trees swing heavy and
slow. They creak. They cast long
shadows that corner over rocks and
bend with the hills. They are
Nature's whim and Nature makes me
notice.
Slackjawed by their shape,
construction, and design I strange
think of architecture -- the trees
parallel to neck straining
skyscrapers is one thing, but
another is their candid and
seemingly purposeful manipulation of
light. They push it around as if it
was meant to be pushed. I begin to
see their thrown shadows as thrown
walls -- instantly and effortlessly
treating spaces where there were
none. And I contemplate the slow
process in which they slough their
paper bark skin -- wondering about
things like aesthetic qualities and
livability...Curse you loud paper.
Adam, Oakland CA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Dec. 1995
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I was out walking my dog in the Panhandle and I sat down on a bench for a minute & opened up the latest copy of LP. This guy came and sat next to me. Kinda cute. A little older. He looked at me and then looked at the zine.
"Loud Paper, huh. He said and paused. "You think that's loud."
Then he stood up and got right in my face. "I'll give you loud."
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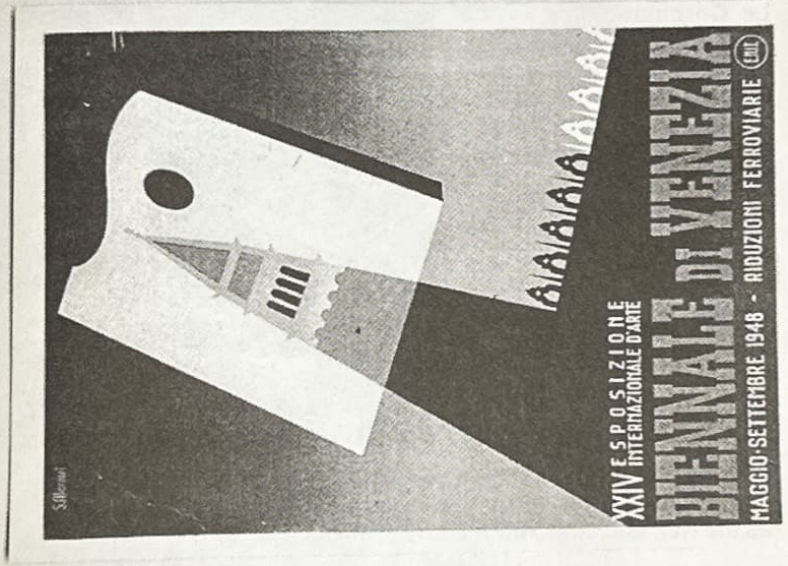
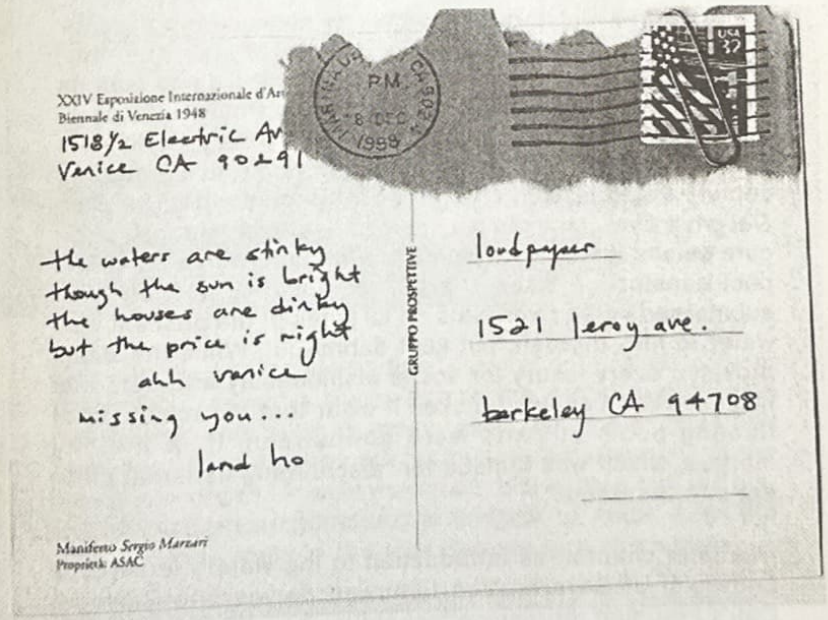
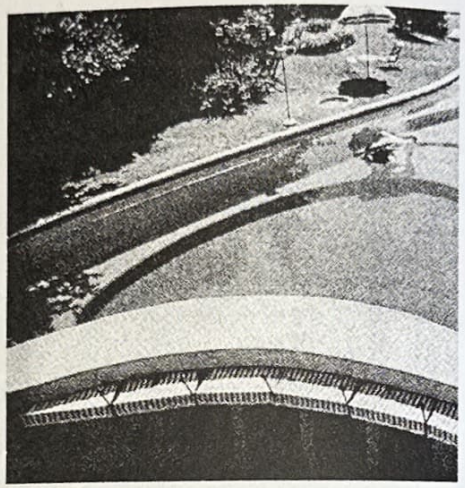




The Springboard in the Pond: An Intimate History of the Swimming Pool
by Thomas A.P. Van Leeuwen
MIT Press, 1999, 304 pages



Le Corbusier died in the sea at Cap-Martin, presumably of a heart attack. As his telltale, round, black spectacles sunk to the bottom of the Mediterranean, his particular chapter of Modern architecture came to a close. With a twisting of Corb's machine in the garden, Thomas A.P. Van Leeuwen, a professor of Architectural History and Criticism at the University of Leyden in the Netherlands, gives us the *Springboard in the Pond.* From his lifeguard post, he retells the history of Modern architecture as the wet, and often wild, history of the modern swimming pool.

Van Leeuwen's history is a decidedly sensual and psychologically rich affair. Early in his book he states, "the embrace of the water is an erotic one, yet at the same time its cool fingers presage the immediacy of mortality." The presence of sex and death is notable at every stage in the development of the pool. Early floating pools of nineteenth century Paris sat in the Seine on large pontoons. The *Bain Deligny's* deck, for example, housed *haute* restaurants, pedicure salons, dressing rooms and a rotonde with a café. The pool constuction was a large, rectangular, wooden floor submerged in the river. Nets on all sides of the pool allowed water to flow through, but kept debris out. While the *bains* provided every luxury for social fashionablity and personal hygiene, Van Leeuwen makes it clear that the multitude of floating pools in Paris were downstream from the city morgue, which was famous for "discharging its lethal effluent into the Seine."

In a later chapter, as introduction to the watery fetishes of Ludwig II of Bavaria, Van Leeuwen delves into Salvador Dali's Freudian regression techniques by way of the Turkish bath. The author then concludes that the Turkish bath is "a vision of the intrauterine paradise, a womb-like sauna. Padded with bouncy female bodies." Gender politics aside, from the womb it is not a huge leap to the grotto, which, with design elements such as mossy cliffs, bulging masses and coral-colored stalactites are "schematic simulacrums of the female sex organ." Imagery such as this, written into the history of modern architecture, is enough to make even the stalwart white walls of the Villa Savoye turn blush pink.

Giulio Minoletti
Public Pool, 1951; Monza, Italy

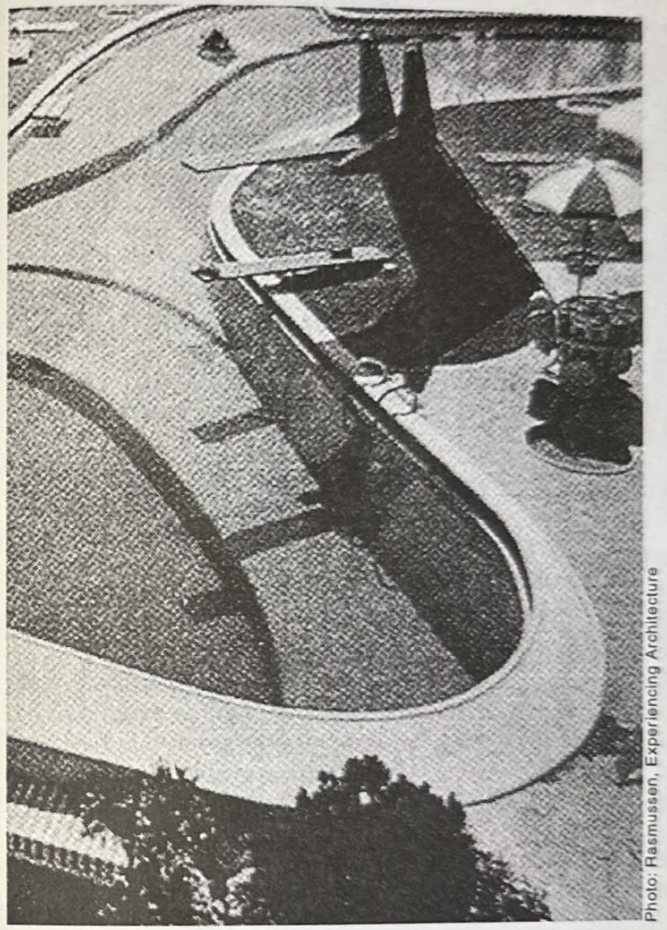


Photo: Rasmussen, Experiencing Architecture

The grotto, built by Ludwig II at Linderfof in 1876, is described by the author as an architectural expression of the king's sexual repression. Throughout his book, Van Leeuwen

uses the icon of the swan to illustrate the psyche of some of the most prolific pool builders and sexually stymied personages of the genre. William Randolph Hearst, a typical swan, built pools across the country (designed by Julia Morgan) in an expression of his frustrated courtship of Marion Davies.

Jayne Mansfield in her pool

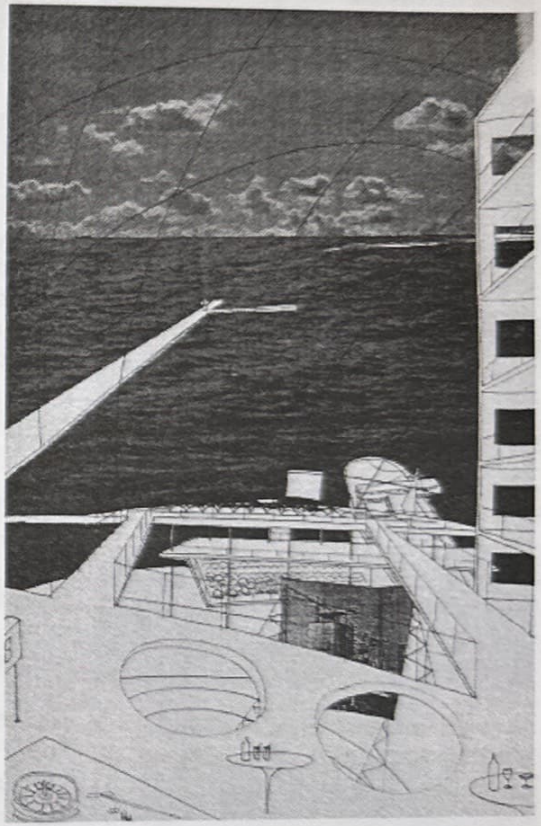
Phillip Ilsley, the post-war, free-form swimming pool king, built himself a pool shaped like a hepatica leaf (visualize an elongated three-leaf clover.) The pool had a "stem" portion that stretched all the way into an alcove inside. Ilsley would sit, cocktail in hand, in his living room recliner and watch the bathing beauties beyond the large window.

The pools for voyeurs are remarkable because, like modern architecture, their design is made possible by pushing the boundaries of current technologies. Phillip Ilsley's free-form pool and the ubiquitous backyard swimming pool would not have been possible without a technological change in pool construction from cast-in-place concrete with form work, to Gunnite sprayed metal lathe. The lap pool, a staple of eighties avant house design, was inspired by the simple horse trough, but made feasible on cliffs and cantilevers by changes in structural invention. Even Ludwig's grotto was the zenith of hydrological gadgetry. Wilhelm Bauer, the inventor of the submarine, designed an artificial wave-making machine for the Venusgrotte.

The first half of the *Springboard in the Pond* chronicles pool development as it changed from public entertainment to private playhouse thrill for the likes of Hearst and Vanderbilt at the turn of the century. The second half of the book is caught up in the gossipy, glorious development of the swimming pool in the L.A. basin. The themed "jungle pool" of Mary Pickford, the spangle and water drenched films of Busby Berkeley, and publicity stills of Jack Benny and Jayne Mansfield in their private pools are all documents of a glamorous, when not erotic, history of California's swim culture.

*

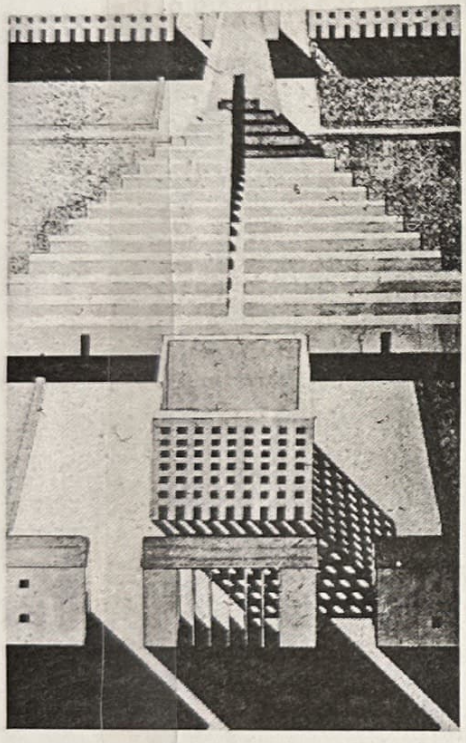
While Van Leeuwen sets Calder mobiles and Miró paintings as formal inspiration for the kidney-shaped suburban pool, the true reason for the more than 300,000 pools in Orange County alone is simply Hollywood. Who can resist building a pool when the *Springboard* reports stories of Tallulah Bankhead diving, fully bejeweled, into the courtyard of the Garden of Allah on Sunset Boulevard? Divinely glamorous as it may be, it is also another example of "the assent of the swimming pool as the arena of sex and suicidal entertainment."



OMA, Project for a Sea Terminal in Zeebrugge, 1989, Collage

Although Van Leeuwen luxuriates in every last Malibu tile on the pool of the Marion Davies beach house in Santa Monica or over the streamlined forms of the one piece bathing suit worn on Esther Williams, he also has an environmentalist sub-theme running through the book's pages. He often comments on the pollution caused by water treatment chemicals or notes that evaporation of pool water in Los Angeles amounts to fifteen percent of loss from local drinking water supplies. He also concludes that environmental concerns and fear of litigation (accidental death or injury caused by backyard pools) has decreased the public's desire for the private pool. As he traces the final end of the history of the modern pool, Van Leeuwen finds that the best option to take the place of swimming pools is the use of the backyard pool to hold koi, a type of Japanese carp. After the author's exhaustive sexual build up of the backyard swimming pool, it is cooled off with a pond of fish. Perhaps it is Freudian. (MZ)

Oppositions Reader
Selected Reading from A Journal for Ideas and Criticism in Architecture 1973-84
Edited by K. Michael Hays
Princeton Architectural Press, 701 pages



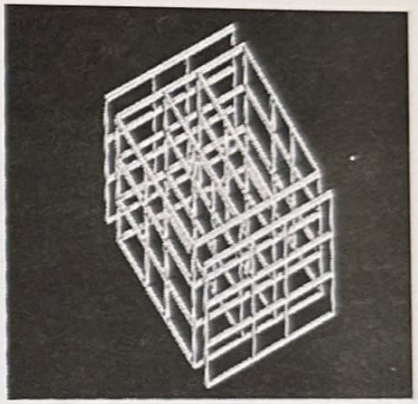
Aldo Rossi, Modena Cemetery, Modena Italy; 1971, Perspective

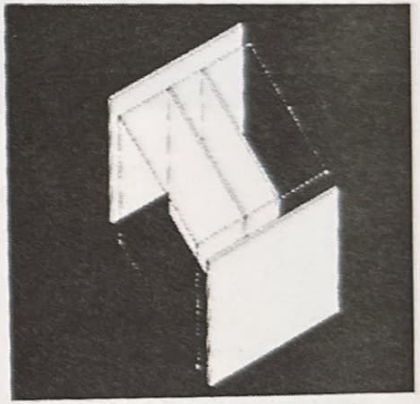
As a child weaned on architecture in the late eighties and the early nineties in the fingerlake region of upstate New York, one might figure that as I flirted with the dual demons of Texas-Ranger Modernism and Xerox collage, I would have picked up a copy of *Oppositions* along the way. But no. I was hidden away in the library copy room with a roll of quarters and disintegrating Dada monographs. Apart from selections in the occasional class reader, the first time the journal crossed my desk was last month when a large package landed there with a thud and a note reading "Watch out! Don't read in bed."

The Oppositions Reader, Edited by former *Oppositions* editor K. Michael Hays, chronicles the twenty-six issues of the journal from 1973-84. Hays picks out some of the most seminal pieces from the likes of Colin Rowe, Kenneth Frampton, Peter Eisenman, Diana Agrest and others. The *Reader's* publication corresponds with Hays' recent publication of his book *Architecture Theory Since 1968.* It also comes at a time when *Assemblage*, the theory magazine that filled the gap after the end of *Oppositions,* is on its last legs.

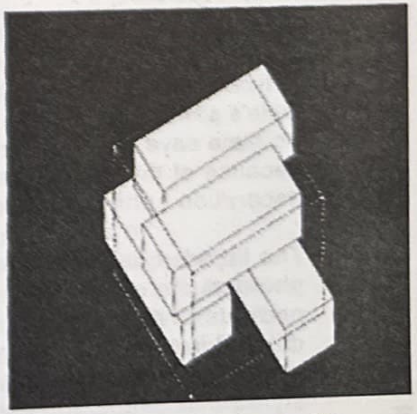
While I may not have cracked the red-orange cover of a new issue fresh off the press, I felt right at home when I turned to the table of contents. The authors: Agrest, Rowe, Gandelsonas, Silvetti, their subjects: modernism and history, beaux-arts urbanism and Las Vegas, and their terminology: grid, avant-garde, and meaning, all seemed welcomingly familiar. It was as if I had always known these texts. With some, such as Silvetti's "Beauty of the Shadows," or Tshumi's "The Architecture of Transgression," I already did. It was like only knowing the Bauhaus cover version of "Ziggy Stardust" and then hearing David Bowie's original for the first time. In some ways it feels like a refreshing new attitude, but in other ways it is dated, a little less Industrial, a little too Glam.

There is something decidedly retro about this collection of essays. It may be Aldo Rossi's pen and ink shadow plans or Frampton's ubiquitous use of the words "crisis" and "kitsch." Then again, it could be Eisenman's marginalia on a mimeographed content's sheet at an editorial meeting for Volume 4 and 5. He circles Emillio Ambasz's essay on "working fables" and sends Robert Stern and his discussion of Yale 1950-65 packing to a subsequent issue. The *Reader* also exposes the duality of theoretical thought from the seventies and eighties, which is still being battled in architectural graduate school seminars today. Architecture's sphinxes of autonomy versus its socio-economic role, formalism and fashion, and timeliness versus timelessness are still unresolved. Hence, while the project of architectural theory and criticism may be coming to a close, the thoughts debated and mulled over in the *Oppositions Reader* still have classroom zing.

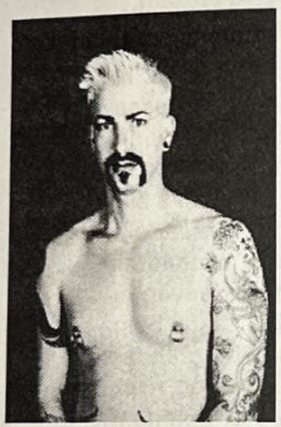




Perhaps it is "a must" to have the *Reader* as a guidebook as Postmodernism rears its head again. Just the sheer weight of the tangerine colored tome could provide stability in light of a POMO revival. The early, primary source essays, fresh or retro, are important documents of the development of contemporary architectural criticism. Moreover, the *Reader* adds lucidity to an area that is about to be plundered by thrift-store headed hipsters looking for a Michael Graves teapot. (MZ)



Peter Eisenman, House IV, 1971, Axonometric Diagrams

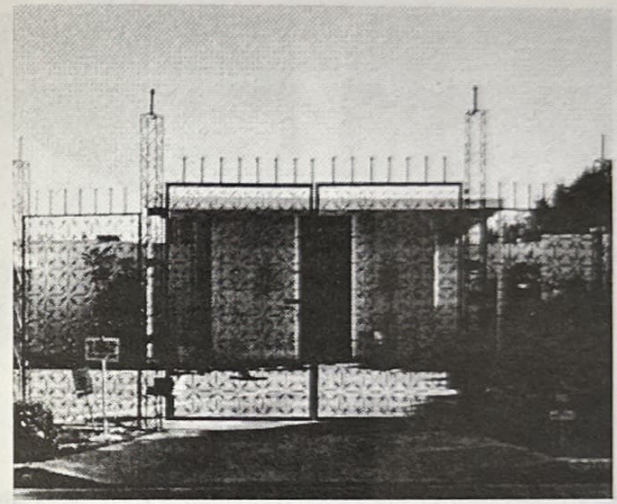


Frankie, 1995
chromogenic print 3:8, 20" x 16"

Catherine Opie's work is about the language of façades. These are not superficial masks, but the facades we build to live behind and the facades we build as a society. Opie's camera lens looks straight through these façades. As Opie says, "[the photographs] evoke that concept because of the tattoos and the nature of the idea of decoration behind a façade."

The façade quality of Opie's work can best be seen in the photographs of her "House" series, or for that matter, her portraits of the leather/ fetish community. The filigree of guard gates and of blue/black tattoos of spiky vines does little to stop the gaze of her sitters. The ranch homes, styled with swags and colonnades, stare out of the frame with the same audacity as Frankie, a San Francisco hairdresser with multiple piercings and a blond upsweep.

*

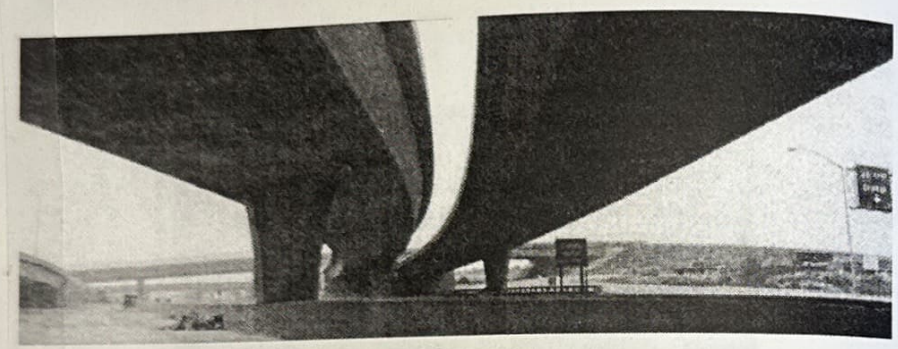


All photographs courtesy of Regen Projects, Los Angeles

House #3 (Beverly Hills) 1995
chromogenic print 2:5, 40" x 50"

As a matter of principle, Opie gives each of her sitters in the portrait series (1991-95) a print of their own image. This gift is a mixed blessing. The intensity of her photographs, the piercing gaze and the private truths they reveal, often make the work difficult to live with on a wall of the house.

Her "Freeway" series is comprised portraits of marginalized monuments. They are "Pictorialism and Modernism combined" and were shown at the Los Angeles Museum of Contemporary Art's Emerging Artist Exhibition. The photographs are formal, swooping onramps and solid pylons, but haunting. The photographs trace the map of Los Angeles, following the route from Opie's home near downtown LA to her professorship at UC Irvine. Untitled, tiny prints, they convey the rhythm of the 101 to the 5 to

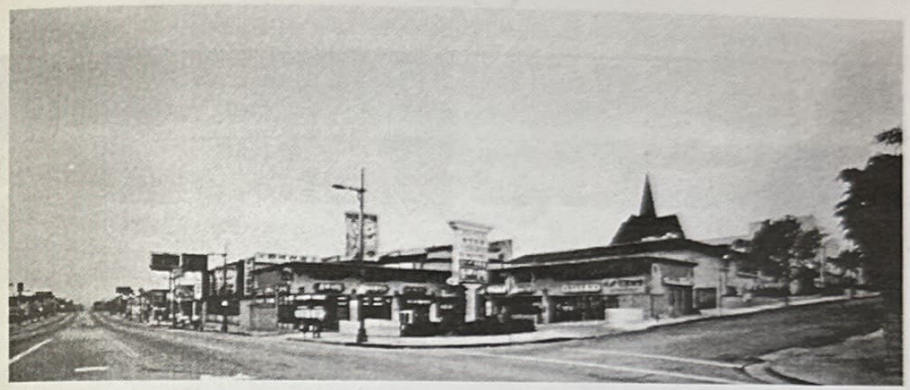


Untitled #41 from "Freeway" series, 1995
platinum print, 5:5, 2 1/2" x 6 3/4"

the 605 to the 405 to the 73 to stone. Opie describes the portrait beneath the façade of BMWs, cell phones and SIG alerts as "what is left in a city that is defined socially."

While Opie's work can be seen in terms of the façade, the thread that ties it together is language. Says Opie, "all the bodies of work deal with language and the semiotics of surroundings." The "Mini-mall" series of 16" x 41" IRIS prints made with a 7" x 17" negative uses the urban language of signs. The glass, plastic and concrete block storefronts of the Los Angeles mini-malls that she photographs are stripped of all the social life of the city. Undistracted by frosted hair or low-rider cars, the store signage reveals the legacy of the culture. In Untitled #4, the words "Join Us" speak out from the sea of Korean symbols. In others "Maternity Matters" or "100% Human Hair" clamor in the mall parking lot.

"I wait for the light," says Opie as she describes how she makes her "Mini-mall" photographs. There is a small sliver of time, about an hour and a half, in the early morning when she can shoot so that the city appears deserted. "It is important that I photograph with the cars gone... There is no such thing as pure, but there is a certain idea about the purity of one's medium and I think that painters feel that way. In terms of what they choose to paint with, and what material to use, there has to be this kind of perfect combination."



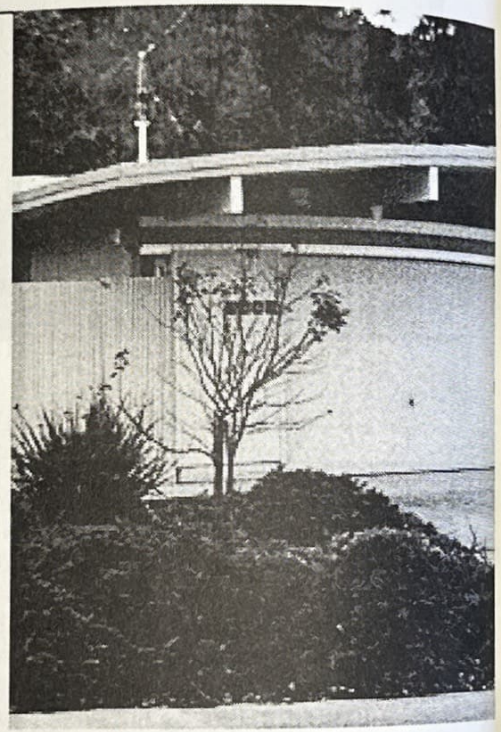
Untitled #4 from "Mini-mall" series,
1997, IRIS print, 4:5, 16" x 41"

Opie has been traveling across the United States for the last three months in a RV. Her current project crosses the threshold of the closed off exterior she photographs. The Lesbian Domesticity series is comprised of both still lives and portraits of the interiors of lesbian couple's homes across the country. The project questions the photographic historical representation of domestic space as heterosexual by artists such as Tina Barney or Sally Mann. The photographs call into question our societal categories and expose the conservative nature of the country. One photograph, described by Opie as "a lesbian washer and dryer," exposes how these classifications of identity are ridiculous.

By moving to the interior, Opie's work is fighting the cultural invisibility of lesbians. Says Opie of her current work, "Many of these house photographs are about the closed door. The door becomes the central element of those photographs, and the door is closed.... It is so weird, because I never did this purposefully, but all of my work of places are vacant of people, and all my photographs with people in them are queer." Opie's photographs give language to the domestic sphere. This new series may prove to be a turning point in her body of work as she approaches the house and the portrait simultaneously. She has come inside the façade.

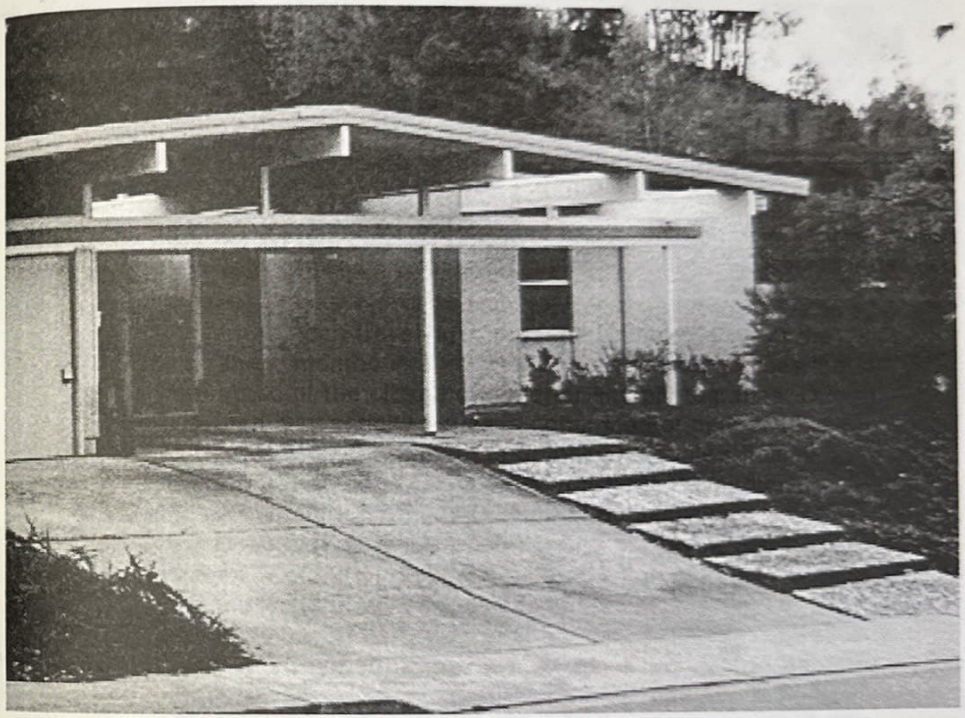
Better Living Through *Eichler*

As the late 90s obsession with mid-century design starts to wane and interior decorating magazines like *Metropolitan Home* move on to other ideas, we decided to look at the homes of Joseph Eichler, a developer who built Modern homes on a mass-produced scale in the 40s, 50s and 60s.



Jeremy Xavier
photographs by Adam Boroian

Joseph Eichler built more than 11,000 affordable, Modern homes exclusively in California with a strong belief in the idea that Modern architecture could improve lives. He built whole subdivisions of houses around the ideal of California living and social progress. He was not an architect, but he lived in a Frank Lloyd Wright house during WWII, and got a taste of Modern architecture. The experience of living in the Wright home gave him the desire to bring better living through architecture to the average person with the efficiency of mass-production. Instead of the popular Cape Cod or Ranch style homes which dominated the suburbs, Eichler brought the Modernist concepts of mass production, technologically-advanced building methods, and the open floor plan to track-home dwellers. His development company produced houses that sold for just under $20,000 and were a welcome burst of Modernity to young families.



Unshackled by the artistic conscience of Frank Lloyd Wright, which demanded high-end craft, Eichler used less expensive materials such as wood veneer, concrete block and pressboard to keep his houses affordable.

With the help of the design team Anshen and Allen, then Jones and Emmons and finally, Claude Oakland, he peppered the California landscape with his quirky, airy homes. The houses were one story and utilized huge glass windows to meld the outside with the inside. The back wall was typically all glass. The single story design, with its sleek lines and smooth contours of unfinished wood, encouraged dwellers to move outside rather than squirrel away in upstairs rooms. The break with overly *bric a brac*-ed Victorian confinement was complete. Even the rooms intended for children had doors with outside access.

The Atrium of the house where our photographer grew-up Eichler

The most significant feature was the Atrium, first used in 1956. Ask anyone familiar with Eichler homes and they will all mention the glass atrium. The atrium fully integrated the outdoors and the inside with huge glass windows and gave the homeowner a welcome dose of California sun. The feature also brought light to the center of the house, which, in previous models, was cave-like due to the dark finishes of the materials. With the influence of Japanese screens via Frank Lloyd Wright's designs, the houses screamed of futuristic optimism and embraced the emerging outdoor, California lifestyle.
But where did the Eichler homes fit in as the Modernist ideals went out of fashion? Leftover funky relics of post-war exuberance to some, the last of the designed spirit to others, the Eichler homes sat in middle class cities as clear outsiders in a malaise of homogeneity. Many owners played with the façade by adding fancy, stained-glass front doors or a beveled wood garage. In this way, the Eichler homes unwittingly take their cue from the Modern architectural precedents, as in Le Corbusier's Pessac housing project, where the owners placed frilly, laced curtains and shutters around Corb's stark windows.

The case of the Eichlers is a simple case of the fashionability of architecture. Zeitgeist curios like love beads, acid wash jeans or "Frankie Say Relax" T-shirts can be donated to Goodwill as trends fade and be snapped back up by irony-laden hipsters, but, according to the Modernist mantra, a house is a machine for living. While bell-bottoms might meet the rigorous demands for both form and function, they are inexpensive enough to be discarded as fashion moves on.

For more information regarding Eichlers, go to: www.eichlernetwork.com

Special thanks to Dr. Noll and his Eichler neighbors for letting us photograph their homes.

As the housing fashion moved on, many thought the homes were hopelessly outdated like a slick-haired crooner in the days of psychedelia, but what about the function? I talked with both Marty Arbunich and Paul Adamson at the Eichler Network, a cooperative among professionals who have expertise in Eichlers and promote the qualities of Eichler houses. Marty and Paul both told me that the houses have made good on their promise of being affordable, progressive houses that improve the lives of the owners with a design that takes advantage of the benign California climate.

Of the atriums, Arbunich says, "They are the one significant feature of the Eichler and that feature takes advantage of the local climate by bringing California sunlight inside." Eichler homeowners appreciate the same things now that they did when the houses were first built. The openness, the atriums, and even the radiant heat floors are keeping families warm and visually connected. The adventurous, mid-century look of the homes makes them less appealing on a mass scale and keeps them affordable, which is in keeping with Eichler's democratic dream.

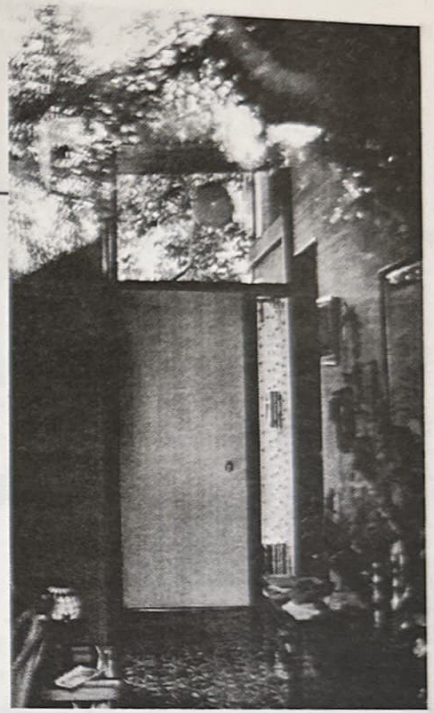
Our photographer's brother, Joel, getting down to Eichler

They are part and parcel of the California climate," Adamson says. "In California, you can be more casual with the amount of enclosure you have and you can have this flow of space inside to outside and the Eichler architecture took advantage of this in a big way. They are almost like the Case Study houses. Many of the same intentions are incorporated into them. I think they do really prove themselves."

Adamson went on to say, "There are so many icons of Modern architecture that are one-off pieces of art which often are less than commodious, but these prove to be an exception to that rule. Modernism got a bad reputation in the 60s prompted by the works of Gropius, but the Eichler homes are the great exception and prove that the original intentions of Modernism have merit."

I wondered about furnishing an Eichler. After visiting Schindler homes filled with modern furniture or seeing countless shoots in design magazines featuring modern homes with Eames chairs and the ubiquitous Naguchi table, I was curious how an affordable, modern home might be furnished. "My brother lives in an Eichler", Arbunich told me, "and his home isn't filled with Herman Miller furniture". Adamson feels that stores such as Pottery Barn make good on the Eames ideal of creating well-designed furniture for a fair price and that their contemporary furniture not only fits Eichler homes, but is also in keeping with the concept of designed items at an affordable price.

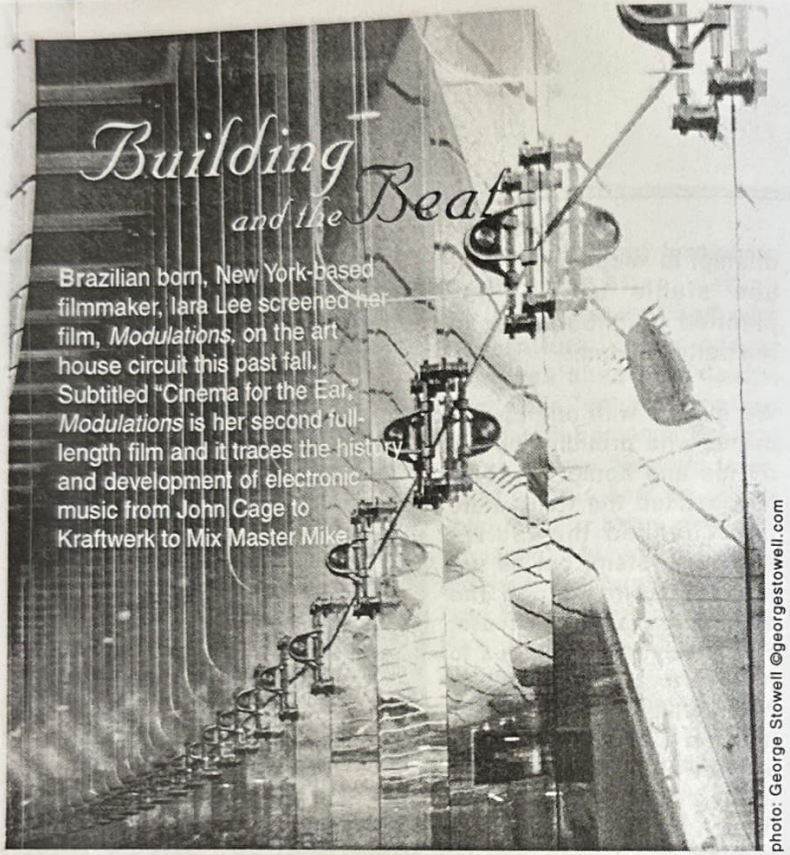
A drive through an Eichler neighborhood in Walnut Creek, a Northern California suburb, reveals a vibrant, diverse community. Joseph Eichler would be proud. He was a strong believer in fair housing and deeply set against racial discrimination. He was the first large-scale developer to adopt a policy of non-discrimination and there are even stories of Eichler offering to buy back houses from owners who had trouble accepting their neighbors in an attempt to keep housing values stable and rid his planned neighborhoods of the petty-minded.



Typical Eichler entry way

We met up with one Eichler owner who proudly showed off his airy home to us. He had painted the walls white and changed the radiant heating system, but he understood and valued the open floor plan of his house. He quickly introduced us to his neighbors who showed us *their* Eichler home, which still had the original, unfinished wood walls and grasscloth sliding cabinet doors. Although they added a second story to the home, they worked with an architect to keep the integrity of the plan. Both of these owners commented that the Eichlers were starting homes that could be easily transformed, changed and customized so as to fit the homeowners needs. The walls could simply pop open to reveal the studs in order to allow the owner to place insulation inside. Four decades later, both homeowners still love their Eichlers. Better yet, they still live in them.

While the SFMOMA is currently showcasing Modern furniture with scuffs and abrasions to show that this furniture is for living, Eichler homes take that one step further. While the furniture is framed in the interiors of a museum, Eichler houses showcase function in operation. They may not be of museum quality, but they prove to be something better. The houses have maintained the integrity of their purpose: affordable family homes that still exist as working proponents of the California lifestyle.



Building and the Beat

Brazilian born, New York-based filmmaker, Iara Lee screened her film, *Modulations*, on the art house circuit this past fall. Subtitled "Cinema for the Ear," *Modulations* is her second full-length film and it traces the history and development of electronic music from John Cage to Kraftwerk to Mix Master Mike.

photo: George Stowell ©georgestowell.com

The basic structure of the film is a series of interviews and talking heads with the gurus of the genre bonded together by the steady beat of the music. Yet, cut between the interviews, filling out the transitions in time to the heartbeat-paced audio, is footage of urban environments, visual landscapes which serve as a compendium to the often alien-sounding soundtrack. Shots of Chicago, London, Tokyo and newsreels of the Detroit riots combine to reveal the filmmaker's fascination with the built environment. This desire to look at architecture and urbanism by a non-architect spurred me to seek out Iara Lee.

I found Iara online at the web site for her company, Caipirinha Productions. Much to my surprise, I found that Caipirinha was deeply involved in creating a CD series, Architettura, that combines architects and musicians with the hopes of not only combining mediums, but of using music to explore the built environments. Volume one of Architettura brings together Toyo Ito's Tower Of Winds with musicians Savvas Ysatis and Taylor Deupree. The second volume, Waterloo International Terminal combines Tetsu Inoue and Nicholas Grimshaw and a third installment is in the works. I reached Ms. Lee by phone to discuss the CD series, technology, and architecture.

LP: I would love for you to go into the parallels you see between architecture, film structure and music structure. You said that Architettura is exploring that synergy between man-made architecture and electronic music. Could you elaborate on that a little more?

IL: For the last few years technological impact has been my obsession. I have been studying it from different angles. The first film, *Synthetic Pleasures,* was a study in controlled environments and how to use technology to control the body and the mind as well. And, with what was to be my first short film, I was so amazed by the indoor beach and the indoor ski resorts that they had created in Japan. I guess it just comes down to human insatiability. In the same way you turn on the AC when it is summer, the Japanese people have more money. They just make a whole beach indoors. Every time I would ask them about it they would say, "Why do you think this is strange? Why not?" They are just so technologically developed and have so little land and so much money so it is pretty much a way of solving their local problem there.

Basically, my company's philosophy is to do this exploration of different art forms and it quite interesting to see how everything is co-related. I guess I am more interested in architecture of the eighties and nineties. That is what I have been focusing on lately. Beyond Postmodern. I feel that it is a reaction to all the deconstruction, or postmodernism, now that everything is so clean. Lots of glass, metal. I was trying to study why this aesthetic was so different. My conclusion is that it comes in waves, people like to over-analyze and deconstruct, and all of a sudden there is a reaction against and everything changes. The architecture of the nineties is a little bit that, particularly the Jean Nouvel, Nicholas Grimshaw, you know, the big guys, Richard Rogers, Norman Foster.

Again, it is very strange to see that I am very interested in boy's clubs. There were not so many women involved in technology when I was doing the first film. And the second one was about electronic music. It is like, "Where are the girls?" And architecture is a little bit the same thing. I just don't know, I think it is a situation where all these are technologies. We women are taking over little by little, but it is still a boy's club. All the architect superstars are pretty much guys, but it is very interesting to see me as a woman always studying the male dominated world. The guys are the poster boys still, but we girls are becoming *nerd-ettes*.

LP: How did Architettura come about?

IL: Well, you travel around the world and you start observing these magnificent, visionary ideas. I was talking to Taylor Dupree, who is our art director and he actually told me "This idea is something that I always had in mind to do, Iara, and if you do this new series, I will be more than glad to be the first artist to do it." Then, basically, within that philosophy of always mixing media and exploring different art forms, we decided to do this CD series. And we sent proposals to different architects we like and some musicians we work with, and everybody was really into the idea.

LP: It is really and exciting one....

IL: You see, there is always food for thought.... There is so much to discuss. It is a great concept and everything we do is an extension of each other. Now, I am touring with *Modulations*, so every time I travel, I always try to take the cameraman with me, and while we are showing *Modulations*, we are shooting architectural forms for a new piece that we are trying to put together. Everything we do is a kind of work in progress. It is just like gathering material for many, many months, and once we have enough we can go to the editing room and try to cut a short piece that can become an installation or be shown in a music video format to promote the CD series. I am sure that after we shoot all this footage and we edit, even that material is going to mutate into different things.... Art installations/ music video/ visuals for parties.

LP: It is like a visual dada collage or something....

IL: Everything we do seems in different fields, but at the end, why not? Again, the technology is a major tool. I think we do have the tools now to not just be a filmmaker or a musician, or do this and that, but you got to say in your life that you can combine all these different things. The idea of the Architecttura series is a little bit about not only different media, but also cross cultural collaboration. The artist and the musicians are always from different countries. It kinda cool just to get them to collaborate. I recently visited Nicholas Grimshaw's office and the people there were really thrilled with the idea. They have been very supportive. They sent us slides and they gave me a whole list of publications which cover architecture.

LP: Since your project is so involved with the whole visual language of architecture, do you see something different for the format? A Digipack or going bigger to an LP?

IL: I think at this moment, the most we can do is elaborate a little bit more on our web site. At some point we had this grand idea of an enhanced CD that when you put it in your computer, it immediately hooks up to the web site and you can always update the information. You know, once you press the CD, you are stuck with the information there, but if you did it in a way, with the proper coding, you could always put the CD on your computer and immediately connect to the web site for more updates. But, like everything, you always have these grand ideas, and you have to trim them down to the reality. It is hard enough to get all the logistics....

LP: I guess it is the collaboration, which is both wonderful and puts a little glue in the wheels.

IL: Yeah, I wouldn't reject any possibility because just like this last film, *Modulations*, we started as a film, now we are preparing a companion book, and we just released a CD soundtrack.

LP: And you did fashion for *Synthetic Pleasures* as well.

IL: Oh right, we even did a whole collection. We imported fabric from Switzerland for the collection. This time, for *Modulations*, we provided the music for the fashion show, the audio for the show, instead of actually doing a collection. We try to always be creative and active.

We never stop working.

LP: Do you have any stories about the process between the musicians and the architects? Did they meet? Did they talk about the work?

photo: Shinkenchiku-sha

Tower of Winds
Architettura, Volume I (Caipirnha)

IL: Yeah, one interesting thing is on this last one. Tetsu Inoue is a Japanese musician, he basically took all the wire frames from the Waterloo Terminal design and fed them to the computer, and the computer read the graphics, and created sonic correspondence. And then, as the musician, he edited all the material. And I feel that happening a lot where machines and humans collaborate. Where the machine ends up creating all the sounds. They are random and crazy combinations that human beings would not be able to perceive as compositions, and the musician's input is to come in and edit it down and further manipulate the material. So that is interesting, because it is not as if you look at the building and get inspiration. You actually have the building totally involved in the sound and the music making.

LP: In Tower of Wind, you were talking about the musicians actually editing the sound of the building. I was struck by how human the sounds were the patterns of sounds; they sounded like a city. I was wondering what the sounds of the upcoming albums are like.

IL: Well, on Volume 3, we haven't gotten to that stage yet, we are just trying to get all the permissions. We got confirmation from Itsuko Hasegawa, the Japanese architect, for the Museum of Fruit, that we are allowed to use her material. We are just in the process of doing the final draft of the contract with the musician, David Chu, who wrote a fascinating book called *Ocean of Sound*. He also does very beautiful compilations for Virgin Records in England. He was the one who chose the Museum of Fruit.

LP: That is a fairly obscure building.

IL: But there are incredible photographs. When he mentioned it, I asked my office to do a bit of research, and we actually found an incredible book. That is the one we are going to use to get the photos from. We found it through Amazon.com. They have everything now.

LP: Who would be the members of your dream collaboration? I know that these albums come together somewhat organically, but if you could pick maybe two?

IL: I do like Jean Nouvel. I would like to do one with him...I do like de Meroun the guys from Switzerland. I recently shot some footage of the Guggenheim Museum in Bilbao.

LP: What did you think of that?

IL: It is unbelievable. A lot of times photos are more impressing than the actual thing. The images tend to supersede reality, but in that particular case, I thought that the reality of the building was more than any photo I had seen. I was shocked to see that all of a sudden an artist was given the funds to do something so esoteric, and I was like "Wow. There is hope in the world." Because it is the kind of project that always gets vetoed. He went crazy. It is done and it is pretty out there. I particularly, and I am not the hugest fan of Frank Ghery, liked that building. I was amazed.

LP: He hits the right chord with that piece.

IL: Let' see, who else? I like Richard Rogers and Norman Foster's stuff.

LP: I think that Rogers stuff looks like it would be playable.

IL: So far I am very attracted to the British guys.

LP: You had spoke in other interviews about impurities in both your editing work and in the music of some of the electronic musicians, but the architects you like are very clean. Do you see a layer of dust in corners in some of the architecture you like?

IL: Yeah, It's true, it is so translucent. The whole Nineties is glass. Very smooth surfaces. It is a little different, because the impurities and the way I edited the film have more of a parallel with electronic music than with the architecture.

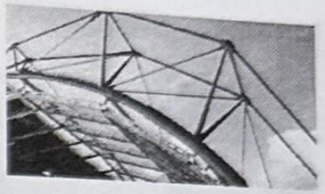
LP: Do you think that your filmmaking will become cleaner, or modern, in that sense?

IL: When we started dealing with this subject, we actually went through the trouble of color correcting the older, raw materials. Normally, we just edit it down and just color correct the final product, but when you shoot architectural forms it's almost like the look and the visual is more important than anything. It is not so much about a plot or a story, but it is about surfaces, texture. So it is pretty extensive work. Even for me to pick the shots, I have to have the very best possible color correction of the visuals. I think there will be a shift in the filmmaking process when we deal with the architecture subject. I don't think the same process I went through to make *Modulations* would be applied in this architectural project.

Now we are going to another extreme by doing a fiction film in Brazil next year. It is just important to do something new. You do something, and you do it very well, and you suffer. You go through a lot of pain to get there and then once you master that, it is important to throw everything away and find something that you have no idea how to do.

LP: You grew up in Brazil. So is this a kind of homecoming for you after being all over the world?

IL: Yeah, I am supposed to give a talk about my feelings about Internet and all these things.... How I perceived the web and the Internet, and I think everything is too international, too global. I am now "Ah, how nice to do something regional, something very special, from this part of the world." It is like how you always go against norm. It seems to me that, with the Internet, airplanes and globalization, everything is so much the same. I travel a lot, and all of a sudden I keep seeing the same stores, the same brands, and it is all "eek." You start giving advantages to very special, handmade, regional things. So I think that after going all over the place it would be nice to just make a film in one location.



LP: Do you think that technology will backlash on itself and become more handmade?

IL: I think so. We end up all feeling like numbers nowadays. Things are so mechanical, so immediate, so international, that I think that it is always what happens. We are always fighting against the norm. In Brazil, for example, handmade things are very cheap because there is not all the industrialization. Then, you go to Japan and handmade things are extremely expensive because they are much more precious. It is the reversal of culture.

LP: It flip flops back and forth, but people in Brazil would like nothing more than to be connected to the rest of the world at all times.

photo: Jo Reid and John Peck

IL: Exactly. While we are like,

"Oh, please, too many emails!"

MUSTELA FARO:

THINKER,
ARCHITECT,
FUTURIST

INTRODUCTION:

THE
CALIFORNICATE
JUXTAPOSITIONS

EXCERPTS FROM
THE **BOOK**

MUSTELIDAE
MUSTELIDAE,
WHAT ARE YOU TODAY?

MUSTELIDAE MUSTELIDAE, WHAT ARE YOU TODAY? IS A BOOK CONCEIVED AS A SCORE. IT IS NOT PRECONCEIVED, AND HAS DEVELOPED ITS OWN SHAPE WHILE A WORK IN PROGRESS

JOIN US IN **THE STURGGLE.**

*

ARCHITECTURE SURVIVES IN WHAT MICHEL FOUCAULT HAS CALLED "HETEROTOPIAS": CAFES, RAILROAD STATIONS, REST HOMES, PSYCHIATRIC CLINICS, PRISONS, CEMETERIES, THEATERS, MUSEUMS, LIBRARIES, FAIRS. SUCH PLACES ARE IN THEMSELVES "OTHER," FRAGMENTS OF A UTOPIAN WORLD FLOATING IN THE REAL WORLD, DISTORTED MIRRORS OF REALITY WHOSE FLOOR PLANS ARE MAPS FOR POSSIBLE OTHER WORLDS.

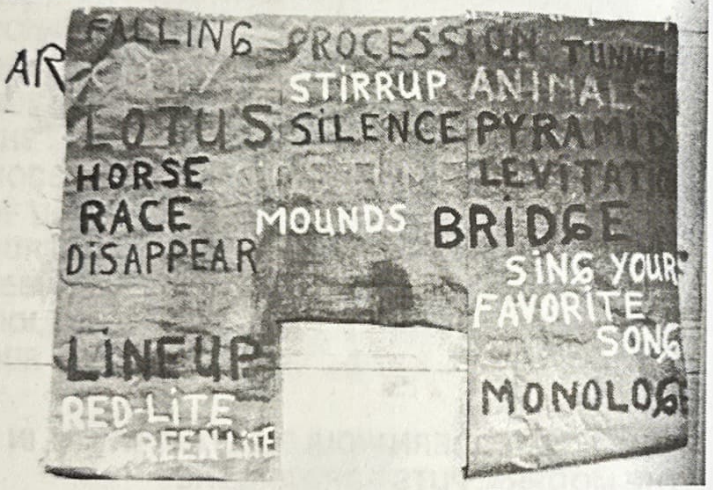
*

THE FACT OF THE "UNPRESENTABILITY OF THE UNPRESENT" IS AT THE VERY HEART OF THE MODERN DILEMMA, AS THE CONSTANT DEFERRAL OF THAT WHICH MIGHT SATISFY US OR PRODUCE MEANING: IT IS THE ENGINE THAT KEEPS US PRODUCTIVE AND CONSUMPTIVE. IT IS OUR OPIUM, THAT WHICH GIVES A PROFOUNDLY FALSE, STERILE, AND TRAGIC CHARACTER TO BOTH MODERN SOCIETY AND ITS REPRESENTATION IN CULTURAL ARTIFACTS. THOSE ARTIFACTS CAN ONLY CONFRONT US WITH A LACK OF MEANING, OR ITS PRESENCE IN THE ABSOLUTE OF DEATH. THEY CAN MAKE US AWARE OF THE LACK OF ORDER, OF THE FAILURE OF THE AMERICAN DREAM AND ITS ARCHITECTURE. THEY CAN SHOW US THE MIASMA OF OUR URBAN ENVIRONMENT, IN WHICH IT IS INCREASINGLY DIFFICULT TO DISTINGUISH BETWEEN THE IMAGE OF MAN, OR MACHINE, OR MAN/MACHINE ACCORDING TO WHICH WE LIVE. WITH THE CREATION OF MASS MEDIA, ARCHITECTURE CANNOT RECREATE US; IT CAN ONLY MAKE US AWARE OF OUR ABSENCE OF SELF. IT MUST ALLOW US TO LIVE IN A WORLD OF APPEARANCES, IN OTHER WORDS, IN A WORLD MADE BY MAN, THE SCENE ON WHICH HE APPEARS AND WHICH MAKES HIM A MEMBER OF HUMANITY, AND MUST MAKE THAT WORLD PART OF US.

WE MUST BEGIN BY UNDERSTANDING ARCHITECTURE AS A CRITICAL INVESTIGATION AND AS AN ACT OF PERCEPTION THAT WILL ALLOW US TO REMAKE A COMMUNITY IN WHICH WE CAN MIRROR OUR HUMANITY - A TRUE UNITY: THE REMAKING OF THE MATERIAL OF EXPERIENCE IN THE ACT OF EXPRESSION ... IS ALSO A REMAKING OF THE EXPERIENCE OF COMMUNITY IN THE DIRECTION OF GREATER ORDER AND COMMUNITY. AT THE SAME TIME, WE MUST REALIZE THAT, AS WE STILL LIVE UNDER THE SIGN OF MODERNIZATION, THIS WILL BE A MODERN PROJECT, OR RATHER THE PROJECT OF THE MODERN: THE PROJECTION OF OURSELVES INTO THE WORLD PERCEIVED AS TECHNOLOGICALLY FRAGMENTED, INIMICAL, VIOLENT AND ESSENTIALLY DESTRUCTIVE TO OUR HUMANITY.

*

"THE POSTMODERN WOULD BE THAT WHICH, IN THE MODERN, PUTS FORWARD THE UNPRESENTABLE IN PRESENTATION ITSELF; THAT WHICH DENIES ITSELF THE SOLACE OF GOOD FORMS. ... LET US WAGE WAR ON TOTALITY; LET US BE WITNESSES TO THE UNPRESENTABLE IN PRESENTATION ITSELF; THAT WHICH DENIES ITSELF THE SOLACE OF GOOD FORMS. ... LET US WAGE WAR ON TOTALITY; LET US BE WITNESSES TO THE UNPRESENTABLE; LET US ACTIVATE THE DIFFERENCE AND SAVE THE HONOR OF THE NAME." WE MUST BEGIN TO REALIZE OURSELVES AS SATIRIC MACHINES. IN THE PAST A POSSIBILITY EXISTED FOR A CRITICAL ALTERNATIVE TO THE URBAN SCENE - THE BUCOLIC OR SATIRIC LANDSCAPE POPULATED BY THE HALF-MEN AND HALF-MONSTERS WHOSE DUBIOUS HUMANITY REBELLED AGAINST HUMAN CULTURE. OUR LANDSCAPE IS ONE OF TECHNOLOGY; ITS SATYRS ARE ROBOTS.



WE MUST LEARN TO INHABIT THIS **SCENE.**

A GROWING NUMBER OF YOUNG DESIGNERS ARE MOVING INTO THE REALM OF THE MODERN WORLD. THEY ARE INVESTIGATING THE POSSIBILITY OF AN ARCHITECTURE OF **EMPOWERMENT,** AN APPROPRIATION OF TECHNOLOGY. THIS ARCHITECTURE WILL BE A CRITICAL ARTIFACTING ALLOWING US TO BREAK OPEN THE ABSENT WORLD AND PLACE US IN A MAPPED AND MIRRORED CONSTRUCTION WE IDENTIFY AS OUR **WORLD.** THEIR CONSTRUCTIONS CANNOT BE PURE HETEROTOPIAS, BECAUSE SUCH PLACES CANNOT BE STABLE OBJECTS. INSTEAD, THESE DESIGNERS **PLOT** STRATEGIES, DECONSTRUCT REALITIES, AND MAKE.

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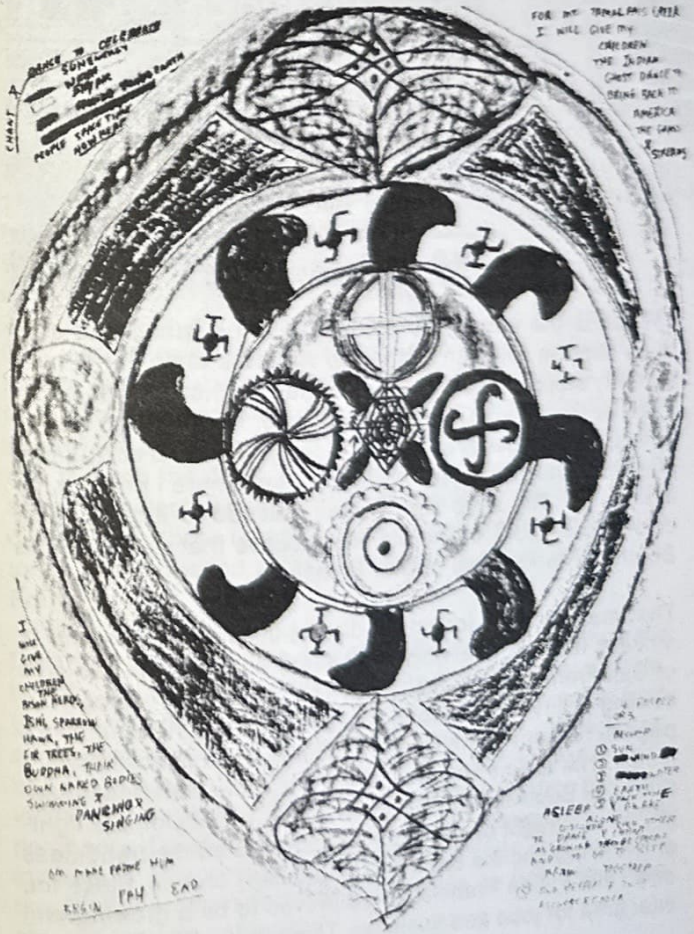
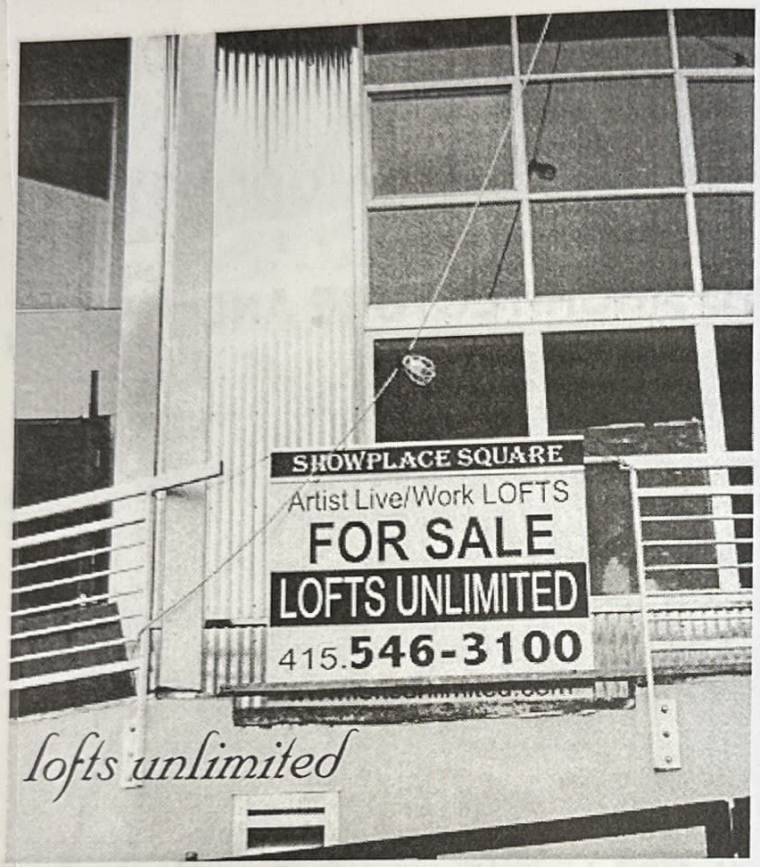
LOVE IS A SCRIPT WITH WHICH I SAY GOODBYE

TO ARCHITECTURE AND YOU

MUSTELIDAE MUSTELIDAE, WHAT ARE YOU TODAY?

...CALI**FORNI**CAT**E**...





SOMA is the name of a freshly built newsstand and sundries shop in the San Francisco Airport's Main Terminal. I recently stopped there for a Mars Bar and noticed the packages of Ghiradelli Chocolate and sourdough bread, ready for last minute tourist shopping, displayed against corrugated aluminum partitions. Above the counter, where I paid for my indulgence, the shop sign is faux finished to a rusty steel color reminiscent of the old warehouses that decorate the South-of-Market area of San Francisco.

The image of this industrial district-inspired newsstand is striking. It is an unnerving reminder that the warehouse-chic of San Francisco's industrial zoned neighborhoods are becoming a city cliché along the same lines as Chinatown's pagoda roofs or North Beach's red and white checked tablecloths. The artists who live and work in the warehouse districts like South-of-Market or the Northern Mission are fighting an onslaught of developers cashing in on the trendiness of loft living and the city's current housing crunch. Since the mid-1990's, San Francisco has proved to be a growing and vital area for jobs and business. The quality of life, the nearness to Silicon Valley, and the city's own "Multimedia Gulch" has drawn people to the area in droves. It is not surprising that housing is at the core of San Francisco's problems. In fact, the San Francisco Planning Commission reports current vacancy rates at one percent and offers up a conservative figure of 23,000 new housing units that need to be built by the year 2000 to accommodate city growth.

The battle being fought between artists (included in this group are land-use activists and small industrial businesses) and developers is one part semantics and one part a question of use. The unspoken part in this conflict, which has been fought up to this point with legalese and code books, is that the physical condition of the city is changing. While chic, urban living is being packaged into retail outlets, the warehouse districts, desired for their quirks and beam cranes, are taking on a more banal expression. Soon, the artists at work and greasy, sweaty labor, will be a quaint dream of a former urban environment. Miniature bronze loft buildings will sit along side the Golden Gate snow globes.

I.

The courtyard of an Italian family compound dating from 1850 replete with a stone table is an unlikely environment for delving into the linguistics of live/work. Thomas Dolan, the architect who converted the compound to six live/work units and founder of the Live/Work Institute is unfazed by lofty language *al fresco*. While we sit talking, a contingent from one of the units comes into the courtyard for lunch at a nearby table. Dolan watches the lively interaction of people in the loosely structured courtyard. He recollects that the space has taught him much about community and has guided him through the design of a number of successful live/work spaces. Under the canopy of an enormous lemon tree, Dolan clarifies the three types of housing that are fighting for the same one thousand acres of industrially zoned land in San Francisco.

Dolan verbally sketches a fulcrum. Balanced perfectly in the middle is live/work, the ideal place for artists, architects, graphic designers, or just about anyone who requires both closeness to their work and a fair amount of space for la- boring. It is also a type of housing that encompasses indi- vidual ownership as well as the essential interaction between neighbors. Dolan says that isolation is the biggest problem for people who work at home. "You can't just step out onto the Rialto. Americans pride themselves on being individu- als, but they do get lonely."

Balance is a cardinal requirement for live/work, so that one task doesn't favor more than the other. This means paint fumes alongside the smell of coffee in the morning. To one side of the fulcrum is "live only," as seen in the Lifestyle Lofts. With this type of housing, the primary activity is home occupation. Any work activity, be it endless faxing or chiseling marble, would interfere with the living arrangements. Just think of how annoying it would be when the neighbors start up their air compressor for a mural-sized painting when you are trying to sleep. On the opposite side of the seesaw is "Work/Live." Dolan describes work/live as "primarily a work space where one happens to live. " It is open to some commercial foot traffic and can employ people outside of occupants. Due to work noise and traffic generated by work/live and live/work, live only cannot be accommodated alongside the other two types of occupation. The development of condos and the reversion of live/work to home occupation throws the fulcrum out of balance.

The courtyard of Project Artaud

The greatest irony within this issue is that the developers are following zoning policy created in 1988 by artists to help protect artists. Following a New York SOHO model, artists were living illegally in converted factory buildings. They needed cheap space and lots of it, but they faced the risk of eviction if found with mattresses and hot plates in industrially zoned buildings. The 1988 "Live/Work Ordinance" gave provisions to artists living in converted lofts, given that they were working artists. While the policy implied that painters, sculptors, photographers, and other artists whose work requires a more industrial space, would live in these buildings, it failed to provide enforcement of the "work" portion of the policy. Owners and developers were supposed to operate in good faith. When the market appeal of loft living began, along with the move of multimedia into SOMA in the mid-1990's, developers used the policy's non-enforcement loophole and its relaxed building codes to rapidly build high market value residential units in the industrial zoned warehouse districts. Thomas Dolan relayed a story of a developer who had condo buyers sign affidavits that they were artists, claiming "Who am I to say who is or isn't an artist?"

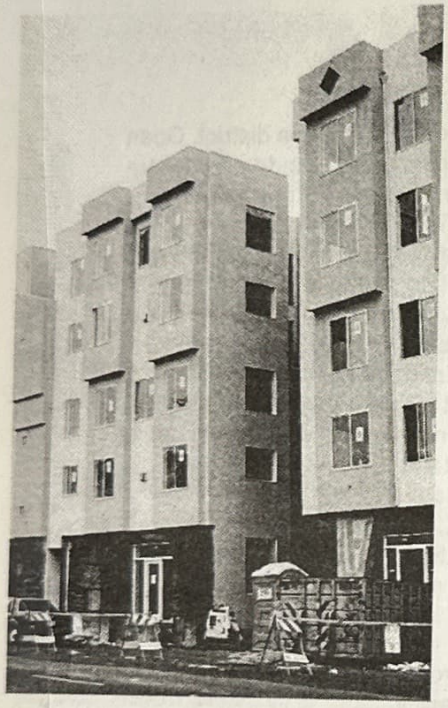
II.

On a Sunday afternoon in the Northern Mission district, Open Studios, an annual event for locals to see inside artists' studios, Rosie Radiator brings her troops to order with a shrill toot on her gym whistle. Rad-Tap, Rosie's drill team of tap dancing artists, commences a sure-footed tap dance that rackets through the large meeting space and gallery on the second floor of Developing Environments, a twenty-two year old live/work project. Clad in blue bowler hats and red sequined tap shoes, Rad-Tap's dance is an unusual call to action for visitors to join the fight against the circling developers. It is also a dedication to Designing Environments, since Rosie, like many of the artists in the area, fear that they may not be there next year. Many of the studios distributed a flyer produced by NEMAAZ, the North East Mission Art and Artisan Zone, expressing this sentiment and rallying for visitor support. Before shuffling off stage, Ms. Radiator praises Developing Environments as "a building built by the artists."

Design-wise, Developing Environments is nothing fancy. Like its sister artist building, Project Artaud, a live/work development founded in 1976 and well established in San Francisco's cultural scene, it still bears the marks of a factory building. The cargo elevators are still in use and the studio spaces are simple column bays with high ceilings and big windows. Artists break up their studios with partitions and raised areas as they see fit and they share the kitchen and bath facilities. As one would expect, the results are far from minimal. Public hallways are painted over several times with white or gray paint; the halls are dense with all types of art from full size oil portraits to computer-generated abstractions. Clamp lights are jerry-rigged to the sprinkler lines to light the artwork.

In stark contrast to the artist loft spaces, lifestyle lofts are refined and expensive. While not nearly as sturdy as the concrete or brick edifices of their inspiration, realtors make up for a lack in authenticity by listing a lexicon of luxuries. Generous parking spaces (got to fit the SUV,) on site laun-

dry, exercise rooms, franchise cafes, and high speed T1 fiber-optic phone lines for Internet access add to the appeal of urban living. Both the City Loft and Loft Unlimited web sites extol the virtues of "architecturally designed" features such as double story ceilings skylights and balconies.



New lofts under constuction in SOMA

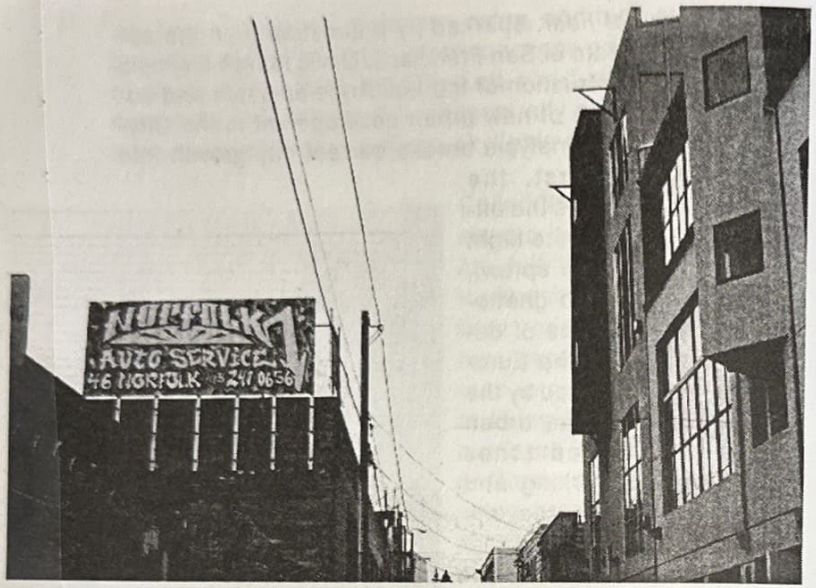
Called "trendy tenements" by some critics, the lifestyle lofts are fulfilling an urban need for housing. There is a more than ready populous, platinum card in hand, who are read to cash in on the cache of living alongside tattooed barristas and dread-locked performance artists while being tense barristers and deadlocked prosecutors. Although the lofts offer granite counter tops for tenants and freeway access to Silicon Valley for commuters, they offer little to the community in which they are built. Rather, they seem to suck the life out of it. Artists living and working in a converted warehouse building create a neighborhood twenty-four hours a day. The cafes and galleries that pushed SOMA and the Northern Mission upscale are actually simple support systems to the artists who live and work in the area. When the condo occupants leave in the morning for their jobs downtown or in the South Bay, they leave their neighborhood silent. What is left are great hulking pieces of architecture, filling every inch of their sites, which are both imposing and empty.

III.

At Modern Times Bookstore in the heart of the Mission district, the doors are wide open on an unusually warm fall night. The gassy, garbage smell of urban living wafts inside. Surrounded by aging socialists and young urban planners from Cal Berkeley, author Mike Davis is reading from his new book, *Ecology of Fear.* Sparked by a question from the audience as to the fate of San Francisco, Davis leaves his topic of the natural destruction of the Los Angeles basin and addresses the pattern of new urban development in the City-by-the-Bay. Davis' analysis breaks current city growth into two types: the first, the American model, tells the oft-repeated story of white flight leading to suburban sprawl, inner city death and ghettoism. The second type of development, coined the European model, is marked by the crystallization of the urban core into gentrified zones that drive the working and serving classes to the city fringe. Best seen in cities like Paris or Vienna (old tourist cities of immense beauty and culture, but no longer contemporary) the European model is transforming San Francisco. The development of lifestyle lofts in the red brick haven of machine shops, nightclubs, and design showrooms is not only driving artists from their studios, but also forcing light industrial businesses, such as printing presses and auto shops, from the area.

Urban living, with parking

Nightclubs are also losers in the battle against new condo development. High-end units have cropped up around the area of 11th street and Folsom Street, an area of just a few blocks that houses much of San Francisco's most popular nightlife. In the early nineties, many a well-turned Doc Martin heel pounded the once deserted pavement. The air was abuzz with Fender guitar chords played by the grunge-band-of-the-week at the Paradise Lounge. These days, in the crowded morning rush hour, many a wingtip steps gingerly through the streets and cringes at the sound of drill presses. The development of new lofts brings in occupants who relish the funky atmosphere of Folsom Street, but not the noise slipping in through the warehouse styled windows of their three to eight hundred thousand dollar lofts. What was rather



hip when renting becomes a bother large enough to warrant a call to the police, citing noise ordinances, when one owns their own condo. Why the nouveau gentry didn't forsee the hot clubs and endive curling restaurants as a potential nemesis remains a mystery. Their quest for solitude in the urban jungle is not only a misguided NIMBY (Not In My BackYard) tactic, but a strategy that is putting an extreme amount of pressure on local businesses and perhaps is even forcing their collapse.

IV.

The lecture hall of CCAC (California College of Arts and Crafts) in San Francisco, as early as five years ago, was a dingy corner of the abandoned Greyhound bus yard. Recently, the same corner housed developers in pressed polo shirts sitting elbow to elbow with spiky hair arts activists. The San Francisco Planning Commission orchestrated this surprising union with a workshop designed for community input regarding the land-use of San Francisco's industrial areas. The presentation of a citywide land-use study (illustrated with brightly colored, optimistic charts and graphs,) and the small focus group work sessions that comprised the workshop were also a *mea culpa* by the planning commission. After barely missing the blows of a lawsuit, filed by artist Debra Walker and land-use attorney Sue Hestor, against head of the Residential Builder Association and Mayor Willie Brown's confidant, Joe O'Donaghue, the department is a bit shaky. The litigation claimed that the city was unfairly fast-tracking loft developers. Inside the department, one source said that the environment there is thoroughly Machiavellian. Since the builders are linked into the mayor's office and the need for housing, even at the expense of the city's culture, is so great, any outspoken planner who says for instance, that loft development is "bastardizing all of the industrial spaces in the city," is in for some trouble. The planners had hoped to save some face and disprove their impotence by asking for community involvement.

Auto repair, warehouses, and condominiums

Unfortunately, the planners good-will gesture to the residents of SOMA and the Northern Mission is too little too late. While the Planning Department proposes idealized solutions of carefully scaled and diversified housing along transit corridors, promoting sensitive mixed-use development, two major city sponsored projects are moving forward at full tilt. Spatially, the new Giants Stadium in SOMA (a ball field shaped billboard) and the Mission Bay housing/ UCSF campus development (suburban, low-density) bookend the contested industrial areas. The area is so trapped by rising property values on all sides that a reversion back to true live/work and industry seems impossible. The demand for the remaining land in SOMA and the Mission is high among industrialists and developers, but with rents rising to several dollars a square foot for some buildings, it seems that housing is the portion of the economy which will win out. The area can brace itself for white-collar staples such as home accessories and discarded latte cups to replace the blue collars. At this point the only thing the commission can do is slow the pace of new development enough for artist and other residents to find new digs in the few remaining undesirable areas of San Francisco, or perchance look for abandoned strip malls in Tracy. Perhaps then the suburbs will reconvert, urban living will seem terribly passe, and the cycle will continue, and the industrial area will be left for industry.

*

The Lost City

But not even the soft wash of dusk could help the houses. Only dynamite would be of any use against the Mexican ranch houses, Samoan huts, Mediterranean villas, Egyptian and Japanese temples, Swiss chalets, Tudor cottages and every possible combination of these styles that lined the slopes of the canyon.

When he noticed they were all of plaster, lath and paper, he was charitable and blamed their shape on the materials used. Steel, stone and brick curb a builder's fancy a little, forcing him to distribute his stresses and weights and to keep his corners plumb, but plaster and paper know no law, not even that of gravity.

Nathaniel West, *The Day of the Locust*

Jeremy Xavier

There is an archaeological dig happening 170 miles North of Los Angeles. Just outside of Guadalupe, in the Nipoma Dunes, lays the City of the Pharaoh Ramses, an Egyptian city with 21 Sphinxes (each weighing 5 tons), four 55 foot statues of the Pharaoh and huge bas-relief walls. The city is over 700 feet wide and as tall as 170 feet in parts. It's an amazing find. The city has lurked beneath the sand for... well, 65 years.

The dig isn't a lost palace built for Myra Talmadge. The city is the set for Cecil B. DeMille's 1923 epic, "The Ten Commandments." After shooting, the movie was so far over budget that the director simply buried the set rather than have it hauled back to Los Angeles. But first, he blasted it with dynamite and the walls and statues tilted and fell back like the financial Goliaths they were. A passage in his 1959 biography confessed his trickery to the Union Sugar Company, the owners of the land. Demille wrote, "If, a thousand years from now, archaeologists happen to dig beneath the sands of Guadalupe, I hope they will not rush into print with the amazing news that Egyptian civilization, far from being confined to the valley of the Nile, extended all the way to the Pacific Coast of North America."

Themed structures like this are certainly not news to Southern Californians. Los Angeles is known for its strange, mix and matched styles which appear to the outsider as a cacophony of structures, but make perfect sense to those who know that Los Angeles is the city of possibilities. Dreams were built simply because they could be. The hindrance of tradition was nowhere to be found. Grand structures were built simply without thought to surroundings. Where else could Frank Ghery live? Disneyland had Frontierland and Tomorrowland in one convenient park as if to embrace all of America's cultural history. Walt was only mimicking the Angelino ideal of encompassing everything and collaging. Where else could Beck live?

Writers couldn't help but comment on and ultimately lionize the bizarre juxtapositions in early 20th century Los Angeles. In *the Day of the Locust*, Nathaniel West's scathing indictment of 1930s Los Angeles, Tod Hackett,

the book's main character, emerges from Yale art school and comes to Los Angeles to work on set design. He finds fakery everywhere. The make-believe of the movie industry invades the whole region as he notices "...the fat lady in the yachting cap was going shopping, not boating; the man in the Norfolk jacket and Tyrolean hat was returning, not from a mountain, but an insurance office; and the girl in slacks and sneaks with the bandanna around her head had just left a switchboard, not a tennis court."

In F. Scott Fitzgerald's final, unfinished work, *the Last Tycoon*, Monroe Stahr sees a vision of his deceased wife floating by "on top of the huge head of the Goddess Siva". The line is Fitzgerald's own comment on the juxtaposition of sights. F. Scott, ending his career as a writer for the movies, was living at the Garden of Allah hotel. In a letter to Fitzgerald, the writer Thomas Wolfe states, "I'll be damned if I'll believe anyone is living in a place called 'the Garden of Allah'." But he was. The area was littered with buildings that appeared to be artifacts of distant or long-gone civilizations. It's as if the whole area was drunk on the possibilities of make believe.

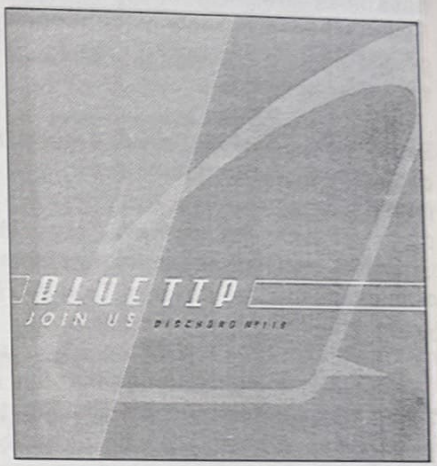
While at NYU Film school in 1983, Peter Brosnan heard the tale of the Lost City of Cecil Demille and was immediately intrigued. The story of a forgotten Egyptian city buried outside of Los Angeles was too juicy to pass up. He went to California in 1985 and, with the help of a Guadalupe resident, found the set right away. He thought the excavation and the tie-in documentary would be finished by 1985, but they are both still in progress.

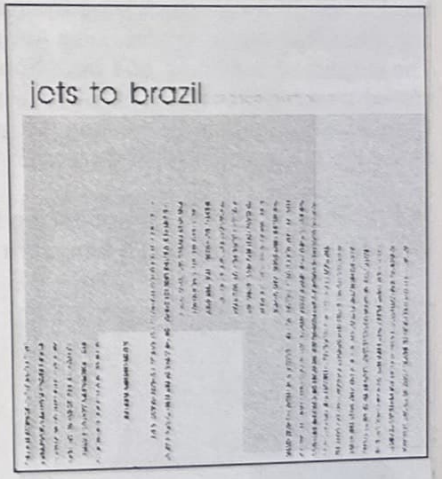
The estimates of $175,000 to carry out the excavation have put off most investors. Donations of $5,000 have come from some of the neighboring towns, but the bulk of the money still remains outstanding. Now, the lands are owned by the Nature Conservancy as a preserve for two endangered species, the California least tern and the snowy plover.

It's a classic Southern California sphinx; the preservation of truly Hollywood (and thus truly indigenous) architecture or the preservation of two species of indigenous birds....

Blue Tip, *Join Us* (Dischord)
Jets To Brazil, *Orange Rhyming Dictionary* (Jade Tree)

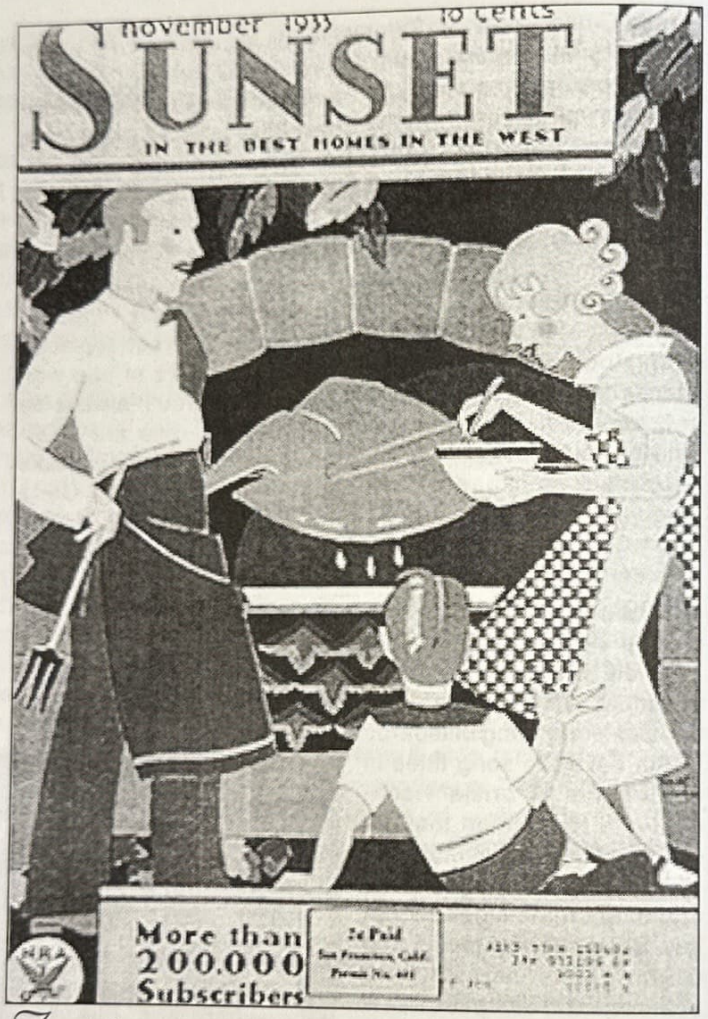
If you were a Vans wearing, baggy shorted, hooded sweatshirt kid in the San Francisco Bay Area during the late 80s, you drove along the interstate 80, got off at the Gilman Street exit and entered the teenage underground. If you lived in Berkeley, you rode your bike and had loads more cred. At 924, the brick building on the corner with a sign that read "the Caning Shop," maybe Blatz would be on stage. Maybe Soup. It seems that Crimpshrine was always playing. Kids sat on the curb out front, smoking and sipping generic sodas bought inside for 50-cents. Older, 20-somethings with bleached hair and gas-station jackets stood in groups by the entrance and assumed a leadership air.





It was there that I caught a band called SWIZ from Washington DC in 1987. The band was a whirl of loud, fast guitars and an all out, veins-popping-on-shaved-head assault from front man Shawn Brown. The music was harder and more determined than any of the bands I'd ever seen. They were what people told me Black Flag was like on stage. They were all power.

SWIZ is still around playing under the name of Sweetbelly Freakdown, and two of the members, Jason Farrell and Dave Stern, are playing in a band called Blue Tip, whose CD just arrived at our offices from Dischord Records. If you left punk behind years ago and moved on to the indie pop musings of ennui-laden, vintage Fender-guitar playing cynics, you might be surprised to find it's right where you left it and it still means something. The Blue Tip record, *Join Us*, sounds like a tall, cool, long neck bottle of kick ass. It's fast, crisp and hard. Had a tough day? Songs of frustration make the record the perfect companion for that drive home. With song titles like "Yellow Light," "I Even Drive Like a Jerk" and "Bad Flat," the record is about driving; barely



Fresh from her fabulous print debut in the last issue, we sent Laurel Charles, a junior staffer at loud paper, *to examine the exhibit* Sunset Magazine: A Century of Western Living 1898-1998 *at the California Historical Society in downtown San Francisco.*

She took BART from our East Bay headquarters to the city and first stopped at the SFMOMA to see the Alexander Calder exhibit. After a slight reprimand for blowing on one of the mobiles, she strolled over to the CHS to relive 100 years of

Sunset.

opposite page: Heath Anderson, November 1933 cover

this page: Ruth Taylor White, February 1931

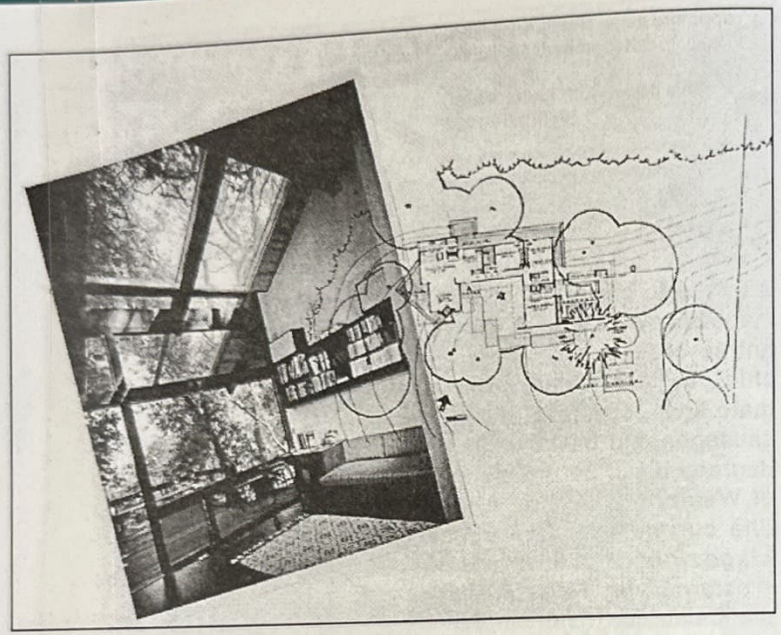
Zucchini Weenie

It's hard to imagine that the magazine which proposed an entrée of hollowed out zucchini, bathed in canned tomato soup, stuffed with mini sausages and baked at 350 degrees could be the precis of Western living. But it is. The current exhibit *Sunset Magazine: A Century of Western Living 1898-1998* at the California Historical Society traces not just a hundred years of *Sunset*, but also the effect that the pages and pages of projects, home remodels and recipes have had on shaping, on a microscale, California's landscape.

The magazine began as little more than a promotional brochure for the Southern Pacific Railroad's "Sunset Line" in 1898. By 1910 the Mediterranean climate of the West had prompted the early editors of *Sunset* to dub the freshly domesticated terrain "a land of sunshine and sense." As the American West filled with dusty, jalopy-driving Midwestern emigrants, the magazine grew and served as a handbook for the last leg of the frontier. The pioneer spirit of camping combined with a rising Western sophistication could be expressed with one turn of phrase, *Al Fresco.*

Codfish a la Newburg
Soak codfish in cold water to freshen
Cover with hot water and cook until tender
Add hard-cooked egg yolks smooth with milk
Heat milk and thicken with flour and butter

all images: Sunset Magazine and the California Historical Society



Both mothers of *loud paper's* editors, one from the Bronx, one from Yorkshire, England, laud the magazine as the source for knowledge of West Coast living. It yielded the in's, outs and secret handshakes of back yard barbecues, deck building and Yosemite must-do's. The winebarrel hot tubs and weedy rock gardens would come later. It is no surprise that the exhibit at the California Historical Society has a full-sized brick barbecue built straight form the pages of a *Sunset* manual and an 8' x 10' redwood deck with matching straight-from-the-pages-of-*Sunset* Adirondack chairs.

The tissue flowers, no doubt a project from the 50s, which also decorate the ensemble are reminiscent of a pioneer spirit. The bright colors, culled from the hem of skirt worn to a Mexican Hat dance, bring with them the ghost of an early Western culture. From Manyard Dixon's seraped gauchos and shrouded Native Americans to the taco, "a Mexican version of the salad sandwich," Sunset has embraced an idealized West. Long before Hollywood had seen the likes of Errol Flynn or his gay blade, *Sunset* capitalized on the myth of Rancho California.

The magazine empowered people with projects to change their homes. It made them feel like homesteaders in the Los Angeles basin. Probably the first D.I.Y. (Do-It-Yourself) movement in the West (apart from, of course, the pioneers themselves) *Sunset* imparted its readers with the knowledge of how to shape their environment and how to build. It fulfilled and

opposite page: Peterson Architects, Woodside, California, October 1969

this page: Jamie Hadley, February 1998

capitalized on the lingering urges of both housewives and weekend carpenters to play Cowboys and Indians. When Cole Porter wrote the chorus, "Don't fence me in," *Sunset* readers yodeled their response.

As early as 1915, featuring the home designs of Irving Gill, *Sunset* was a supplier of, as the exhibition states, "cutting edge design." The covered wagons and red tile roofs were soon replaced with by the Western Dream Home. Long and low were the words to warble. Ranch homes with shallow-sloped roofs and a tendency to sprawl out into the landscape became the *Sunset* ideal. The closed in brownstones of the East represented the evils of industrial living, while the backyard barbecue, the best Western use of brick, was the nadir of healthy living.

Although there were sins along the way such as the aforementioned "Zucchini Weenie" and countless casserole catastrophes, the magazine is synonymous with many of the trail-blazing components of the Western recipe box. Before the ubiquity of the Chinese restaurant, *Sunset* lead it's readers on a tour through Chinese grocery stores with tips how to make a sweet and sour dinner. Tacos and other "Mexican" recipes appeared in the magazine before there was such a thing as a Burrito Supreme. Food crazes were made simple for those without experience with avocado, radicchio and alfalfa sprouts. Today's "Kitchen Cabinet Department" section offers readers' recipes tested in *Sunset*'s kitchens such as Chocolate Tofu Frosting and Crab Lasagna Rolls.

Is *Sunset* the handbook for Western Living? I don't know, but I do know that this year, my "Plugged in Pumpkins," taken from page 86 of the October 1998 issue "added eclectic dazzle" to my Halloween. You're not going to believe what I have chocolate dipped for New Years...

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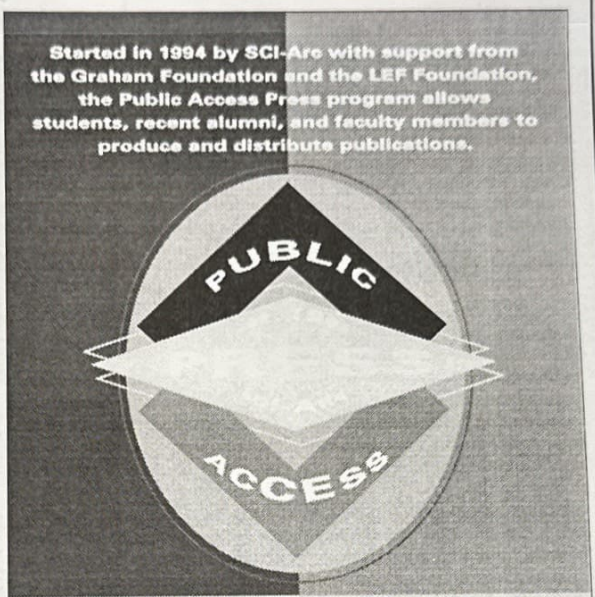
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Catherine Opie
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